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Marjorie Meeker

Quivering and bright;
Draw in the long twisting thoughts you have sent.
Cast all the tangled old dreaming and groping
To the still, deep,
Strange heart of Night
(Gentle forever to all grieving and hoping)—
And sleep.

IN DARKNESS

Deep in the heart of darkness I am lying,
Alone and still;
And all the winds of darkness and of silence
Work their will,

Blowing about me through the awful spaces
Of night and death;
Nor all immensity can touch or thrill me
To thought or breath.

Deep in the heart of darkness I am dreaming,
Quiet, alone,
Careless alike of tender words or cruel—
Even your own.

BY A WINDOW

The owl and the bat
Are alone in the night—

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

What are they at
By the dead moon's light?
Hush! How the wings of the black bat whirl!
(Oh hush, for the sleepers moan and stir!)

The moon is bleak,
Like a monk in a cowl . . .
What do they seek,
The bat and the owl?
What danger brews in the night, what sin?
(But hush, for the sleepers dream within.)

SONG FOR A MAY NIGHT

Heigho!
Many mysterious things I know!

I know why the moon is like a moth—
Do you?
I know why stars are many, and suns
Are few.
I know a place where a star fell down,
And made a hole in the middle of town,
And all the people jumped in. And so—
Heigho!

Other mysterious things I know!